Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our Counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe. Now a purſe of gold m
day night, and moſt diſſolute
got with ſwearing lay by, and
in as low an ebbe as the foote
as high a flow as the ridge of

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſa
ſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt

Prince. As the hony of *Hib*
is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſ

Falſ. How now, how now
and thy quiddities? What a
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe
of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo
and where it would not, I hau

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, tha
thou art Heire apparant. Bu
be Gallows ſtanding in *Engla*
lution thus ſubd as it is with
tick the Law: do not thou wh

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by t

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe a
the hanging of the Theeues,

Falſ. Well *Hall*, well, an
humor, as well as waiting in t

Prince. For obtaining of ſ

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining o
hath no leane Wardrop, Zbl
Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of

Prince. What ſayeſt thou t

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